



The Baker Is Not Guilty



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Chapter 1 by Aaron

I used to be a baker at the local Brisken Donuts company, but I got laid off. This was after some guy I got in a fight with phoned up the police. Shoot, should've knocked him out and ran before he had the chance.

Well anyways, I've got to go, the body is getting cold.

Chapter 2 by Cole Winfield



Sirens tore through the bitter cold air. The cacophonous mixture of fear, paranoia of inevitable conviction, and the dead man's obnoxious cologne wore too heavily on the shivering baker. It wasn't the cold that infested the man with a quiver in his stance; he knew what he had done, there was no escaping it. The sweat on his palms seeped through his cotton mitts, combining with the sticky, bloodied snow on his hands.

At his feet laid his boss. A tall, gaunt man. He had sunken cheeks and stood two heads over the Baker. He wasn't muscular or emitted much of a presence. His left leg cocked back to his side, like the trigger of a revolver. A striped tie, still clinging to the dead man's neck, dipped into the snow. It was a clip-on. The snow, hidden by the boss' limp head, turned sanguine. The redness washed away the vibrancy of the cadaver's tie.

"Shake it off," he told himself. "I'm a good man. I never meant for this."

He took a deep breath. The air bit his nose and froze his chest. His heart visibly pounding, even

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"Irony, don't you think, officer?" The Baker's nose crinkled with a nervous smile.

Chapter 3 by Brock Thompson



The silhouette could have been the murderer's.

"And what about you, Ms. Nenem?" Mr. Severn, a lead detective in the Baker Case, inquired.

"I am inclined to think that our Baker is innocent," Annabelle Nenem said briskly, sitting even more straight in her chair, as if to defy all the logic and evidence that was against her belief.

She could see the skeptical, surprised, and even confused faces of her fellow detectives, but she ignored them.

"And why is that Ms. Nenem?" Severn sighed.

"There were two bullet holes in the victim's chest."

"That doesn't mean anything."

"Mr. Severn, the bullets were different calibers, but they were both from handguns."

"So what is your theory?"

"I think the Baker came upon the shot and dying victim, and became hysterical. When the victim tried to tell the Baker something, the hysterical Baker panicked and shot the victim with his self-defense weapon."

"I'm not sure I believe that, Ms. Nenem."

"I guess we'll see who's correct."

Chapter 4 by Brooke Williams



Suddenly, a man rushed into the room, a surprise to everyone.

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"Um, judge, sir, I-I may have some... across the road from the bakery and we may have caught the man who was... excited and out of breath."

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"Please sir, bring the footage to me and let us all watch the tapes."

The man, now identifiable as Mr. Briggs, brought the footage to the judge, and the judge's assistant procured a projector from another room. The picture is brought on the screen, and the people in the courtroom hold their breath as they see two men arguing. One is the boss of the bakery, but the other is a different man than the prosecuted, a worker at the bakery.

The lawyer sighs with relief as the picture shows him clearly pull out a gun and shoot the man. But suddenly, the worker shown seems to shift and morph until he is obviously the Baker, with a different handgun.

Chapter 5 by LethalPianist



"What the-" The prosecutor shouted. The lawyer was awed too. The man could apparently shape shift. However, the judge didn't seem surprised at all. In fact...

"Well, I guess the cat is out of the bag." The judge smirked. And then, in front of the jury, the prosecutor, and the lawyer, the judge's face shifted and moved like a liquid...Until he had the same face as the one that was on the screen.

It was the Baker.

Chapter 6 by Epix MC



The Baker was surely placed under arrest. But before they put on the handcuffs, he said.

"It's not my fault! Look behind you, it was that guy who did it!"

Everybody turned around, but before they had a chance to realize what just happened, the baker was gone.

"Damn it!" yelled the prosecutor.

Sensing he could have shapeshifted, the judge knew not to trust anyone, for it can be the baker...

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